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Buster Brown

COMIC BOOK

NO.
29



TUNE IN SMILIN' ED McCONNELL AND THE
BUSTER BROWN GANG ON RADIO OR TV

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KANSAS CITY, KANSAS





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**Your Buster Brown Shoe Store is Headquarters
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Jingle Bells Jubilee



*See your Buster Brown shoeman for those swell Buster Brown Christmas styles, kids! His name and address are on the front cover of this comic book. He has some wonderful Buster Browns to show you. Ask mom to take you to his store during the *Jingle Bells Jubilee!**



LISTEN to Smilin' Ed McConnell and the Buster Brown Gang on TV or radio every Saturday morning! What swell songs, jokes and stories! You'll find the time and station of the Show in your newspaper.

AMBUSH



WE ARE AT THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE WITH GUNGA, A YOUNG ELEPHANT MAHOUT IN THE SERVICE OF THE MAHARAJAH OF BAKORE, IN INDIA. AS HE SEEKS A CERTAIN RARE BUTTERFLY FOR HIS MASTER'S COLLECTION, A SUDDEN TERRIFYING ROAR SENDS THE JUNGLE-TRAINED BOY SCRAMBLING INTO A NEARBY TREE, AND HE WATCHES IN HELPLESS HORROR AS A NATIVE HERDSMAN FALLS PREY TO A GREAT TIGER.

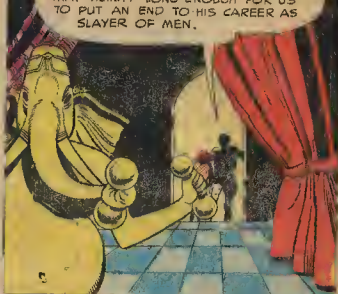
GUNGA SLIPPED NOISELESSLY FROM THE SCENE OF THE KILLING AND QUICKLY RETURNED TO THE STUDY OF THE MAHARAJAH TO REPORT THE TRAGEDY.

... AND FROM THE TREE, YOUR EXCELLENCY, I SAW THE TIGER KILL AKBAR, THE HERDSMAN!

POOR AKBAR! HE IS THE THIRD OF MY PEOPLE TO BE SLAIN BY THE MAN-EATER. WE MUST PUT AN END TO THIS BEAST AT ONCE!



IT IS GOOD YOU DID NOT DISTURB THE TIGER'S KILL, GUNGA. HE MAY STAY IN THAT VICINITY LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO PUT AN END TO HIS CAREER AS SLAYER OF MEN.



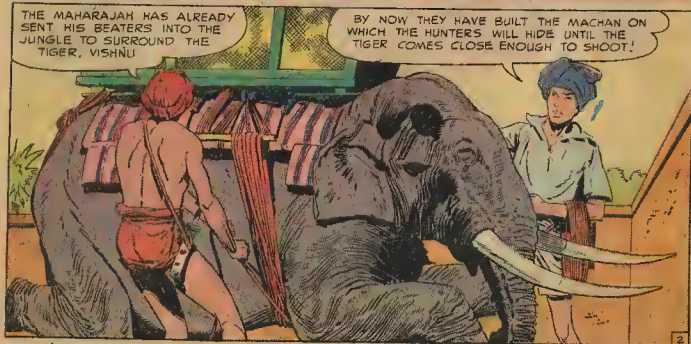
PREPARE THE GREAT ELEPHANT, TEELA, FOR THE HUNT, GUNGA. HE IS WELL RESTED AND HAS NO FEAR OF THE TIGER. I WILL DISPATCH MEN TO SURROUND THE AREA WHERE THE KILLER PROWLs.

YES, EXCELLENCY. MY FRIEND VISHNU AND I WILL MAKE TEELA READY.



THE MAHARAJAH HAS ALREADY SENT HIS BEATERS INTO THE JUNGLE TO SURROUND THE TIGER, VISHNU

BY NOW THEY HAVE BUILT THE MACHAN ON WHICH THE HUNTERS WILL HIDE UNTIL THE TIGER COMES CLOSE ENOUGH TO SHOOT!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING THE HUNTING PARTY ENTERS THE JUNGLE, FOR THE MAN-EATER MUST PROWL BY DAY.

USE GREAT CAUTION, WHEN THE HUNT BEGINS, GUNGA, BE SURE TO WATCH FROM A SAFE PLACE!

WE WILL, EXCELLENCY



...AND HAVE YOU EVER FIRED THE GUN SINCE THE MAHARAJAH PRESENTED IT TO YOU?

OH YES, VISHNU. HIS EXCELLENCY HAS SPENT MANY HOURS WITH ME ON THE TARGET RANGE TEACHING ME TO FIRE AND CARE FOR MY RIFLE. BUT I HAVE NEVER SHOT A WILD BEAST.



JUST BEYOND THAT GREAT ROCK, VISHNU, IS WHERE HIS EXCELLENCY'S MEN HAVE BUILT THE MACHAN.

WE CAN CLIMB A HIGH TREE NEAR IT AND WATCH THE KILL.

SOON THE HUNTERS ARRIVE AT A GREAT TREE AGAINST WHICH THE MACHAN HAS BEEN BUILT. THE MACHAN IS A RAISED PLATFORM TWELVE OR FIFTEEN FEET HIGH FROM WHICH THE HUNTER SHOOT'S WHEN HIS PREY IS THE DEADLY BENGAL TIGER.



TAKE TEELA BACK TO A SAFE DISTANCE BEYOND THE GAME TRAIL.

AT ONCE, EXCELLENCY.



THIS IS A WELL CONSTRUCTED SHOOTING PLATFORM. EXCELLENCY, AND ITS SITE IS WELL CHOSEN. WHEN THE TIGER IS DRIVEN ACROSS THE CLEARING YOU CAN EASILY DESTROY HIM!

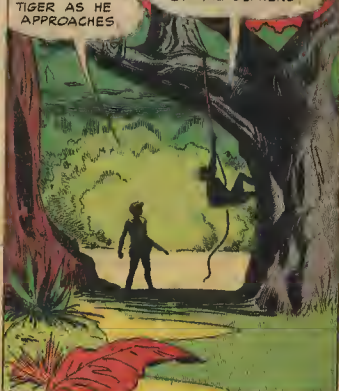
IT IS NEVER EASY TO KILL A TIGER, SINGH, ESPECIALLY A MAN-EATER GROWN CUNNING IN THE WAYS OF MEN.



SELECTING A GREAT TREE AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING, GUNGA AND VISHNU QUICKLY REACH A PLACE OF SAFETY ON A HUGE LIMB OVERLOOKING THE MACHAN.

FROM THAT LIMB WE CAN SEE THE MAHARAJAH AND WATCH FOR THE TIGER AS HE APPROACHES

LET US CLIMB QUICKLY GUNGA. EVEN NOW I CAN HEAR THE NOISE OF THE BEATERS!



NOT FAR AWAY A GREAT TAWNY BEAST PADS SILENTLY THROUGH THE THINNING JUNGLE DRIVEN BY THE SHOUTING AND NOISE OF THE HATED MAN-THINGS IN THE JUNGLE BEHIND HIM. THE ENRAGED TIGER MOVES TOWARD THE MACHAN.



BUT TWO OF THE NATIVE BEATERS HAVE BECOME SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS AND, UNAWARE OF THE LURKING PERIL, THEY ATTEMPT TO FIND THE MACHAN.

MOVE QUIETLY, HAMAD SOON WE WILL REACH HIS EXCELLENCY--AND THEN WE WILL BE SAFE.



BUT THE JUNGLE QUIET IS BROKEN BY A NERVE-SHATTERING ROAR AS THE NOISE-MADDENED BEAST SPRINGS FROM AMBUSH!



THAT AWFUL SCREAM, GUNGA--WHAT COULD MAKE SUCH A NOISE?

IT WAS THE SCREAM OF ONE ABOUT TO DIE, VISHNU. THE TIGER HAS STRUCK AGAIN!



ONE OF THE BEATERS HAS BEEN ATTACKED THE KILLER CANNOT BE FAR FROM HERE NOW



BUT IF THE TIGER SHOULD COME THIS WAY, GUNGA, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD HIT HIM?

I BELIEVE SO, VISHNU, BUT HIS EXCELLENCY IS HERE TO KILL THE TIGER. IT IS HIS RIGHT TO HAVE THE FIRST SHOT. MY GUN IS ONLY FOR OUR DEFENSE IF WE ARE ATTACKED.



THE MAHARAJAH'S JUNGLE BEATERS CONTINUE TO CLOSE IN AND THE EVER-TIGHTENING CIRCLE OF NOISE DRIVES THE GREAT CAT ON TOWARD THE MACHAN. EVERY FELINE INSTINCT TELLS HIM THAT THERE IS DANGER, TOO, IN THIS DIRECTION, BUT THE TAUT-NERVED TIGER CANNOT STAND THE DIN BEHIND HIM.



WATCH CLOSELY NOW--THE BEATERS ARE GETTING NEARER. THE TIGER WILL BE JUST AHEAD OF THEM.

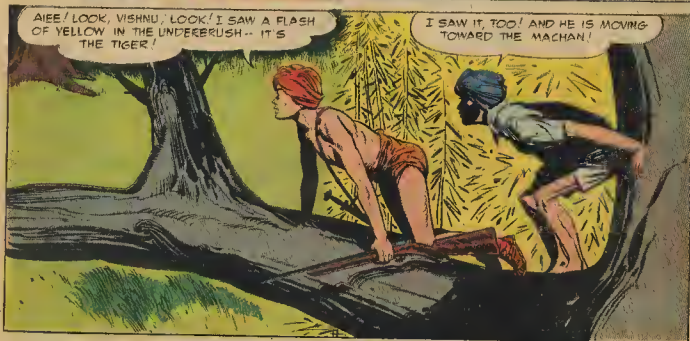


DRIVEN BY THE EVER-INCREASING NOISE OF THE BEATERS, THE STRIPED KILLER OVERCOMES HIS DISTASTE FOR WATER AND SWIMS ACROSS A JUNGLE STREAM.



AIEE! LOOK, VISHNU, LOOK! I SAW A FLASH OF YELLOW IN THE UNDERBRUSH-- IT'S THE TIGER!

I SAW IT, TOO! AND HE IS MOVING TOWARD THE MACHAN!



AT THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE MARAUDING STRIPER, THE MAHARAJAH QUICKLY AIMS HIS HEAVY HUNTING RIFLE AT THE THICKET BEHIND WHICH THE TIGER LURKS.

BUT THE KEEN-EYED KILLER HAS SEEN THE MEN ON THE MACHAN AND NOISE-TORTURED NERVES GIVE WAY. WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM THE TIGER CHARGES!

SHOOT QUICKLY, MASTER!



IN THE TREE OVERLOOKING THE MAHARAJAH'S PLATFORM, GUNGA LIES ON A GREAT LIMB, HIS GUN COCKED AND HELD STEADY ON THE RAGING CAT. THE JUNGLE TRAINED BOY KNOWS THAT NO PRECAUTION IS TOO GREAT WHEN HUNTING THE TIGER!

THE BEAST IS NEARLY AT THE FOOT OF THE MACHAN!
WHY DOESN'T HIS EXCELLENCY SHOOT?

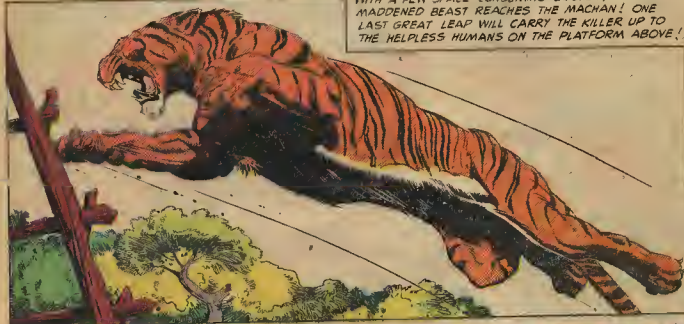


BUT THE MAHARAJAH SUDDENLY LOWERS HIS RIFLE AND WORKS DESPERATELY AT THE BOLT.

THE GUN HAS JAMMED!



WITH A FEW SPACE-CONSUMING BOUNDS, THE NOISE MADDENED BEAST REACHES THE MACHAN! ONE LAST GREAT LEAP WILL CARRY THE KILLER UP TO THE HELPLESS HUMANS ON THE PLATFORM ABOVE!



BUT GUNGA SEES HIS MASTER'S PERIL AND AS THE GREAT CAT LUNGES UP IN ITS KILLING LEAP, THE STEEL NERVED BOY SQUEEZES OFF A DEADLY SHOT!



THE TIGER IS DEAD! SOMEONE SHOT IT WHEN THE BEAST WAS WITHIN INCHES OF US. NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH SHOOTING! WHO CAN IT BE?



YOU KILLED IT, GUNGA! YOU KILLED THE TIGER -- AND JUST IN TIME. BUT SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG -- THE MAHARAJAH DIDN'T SHOOT!



I BELIEVE IT WAS GUNGA, THE MAHOUT, WHO FIRED THE SHOT. EXCELLENCY. HE HAD THE ONLY OTHER GUN AMONG US.



SO, GUNGA, IT WAS YOU WHO SHOT THE TIGER I CAME HERE TO KILL!



I AM SORRY, MASTER I ONLY SHOT BECAUSE I FEARED FOR YOUR SAFETY.

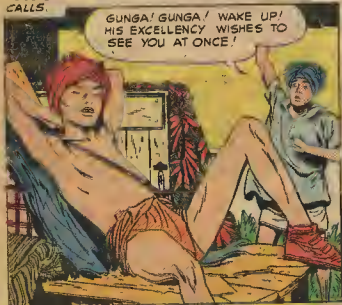


I WILL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL, MY SON. I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU. HAD YOU NOT FIRED WHEN YOU DID, THE TIGER WOULD CERTAINLY HAVE TORN ME TO PIECES!

AND THUS ANOTHER JUNGLE KILLER IS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE. THE TIGER HUNT WHICH NEARLY HAD A TRAGIC ENDING, COMES TO A HAPPY CONCLUSION AS THE MAHARAJAH'S HUNTING PARTY HEADS FOR HOME.



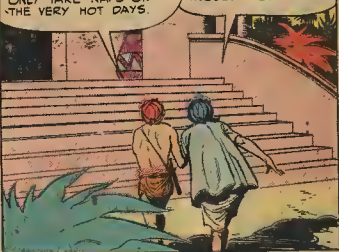
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, AS GUNGA DOZES IN THE COOL SHADOWS OF THE ELEPHANT STABLES, YISHNU CALLS.



GUNGA! GUNGA! WAKE UP! HIS EXCELLENCY WISHES TO SEE YOU AT ONCE!

DID THE MAHARAJAH SAY WHY HE WANTED TO SEE ME? HAVE I DONE SOMETHING WRONG IN THE ELEPHANT YARD? I ONLY TAKE NAPS ON THE VERY HOT DAYS.

I DO NOT KNOW, I WAS ONLY TOLD TO BRING YOU TO HIM IMMEDIATELY. I HOPE THERE IS NO TROUBLE FOR YOU.



YOU SENT FOR ME, EXCELLENCY?

YES, GUNGA. YOU REMEMBER. I PROMISED A TIGER SKIN RUG TO THE ENGLISH VICEROY?

YES, MASTER, I REMEMBER.



COME WITH ME. I WANT YOU TO SEE THE LARGEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL TIGER PELT EVER TAKEN IN THIS PROVINCE!



OH! YOUR EXCELLENCY! IT IS MAGNIFICENT! THE VICEROY WILL BE DELIGHTED WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL RUG!

I AM SURE OF THAT, GUNGA. THE VICEROY **WOULD** BE DELIGHTED... IF I GAVE IT TO HIM...



... BUT THIS IS YOUR TIGER, THE ONE YOU SHOT. I HAD THE RUG MADE FOR YOU, GUNGA. AND IT IS A SMALL GIFT INDEED FOR THE GREAT SERVICE YOU PERFORMED FOR YOUR MAHARAJAH!



LATER, IN THE SMALL ROOM OF THE MAHARAJAH'S PALACE IN WHICH HE LIVES, GUNGA GREET'S HIS FRIEND, VISHNU.

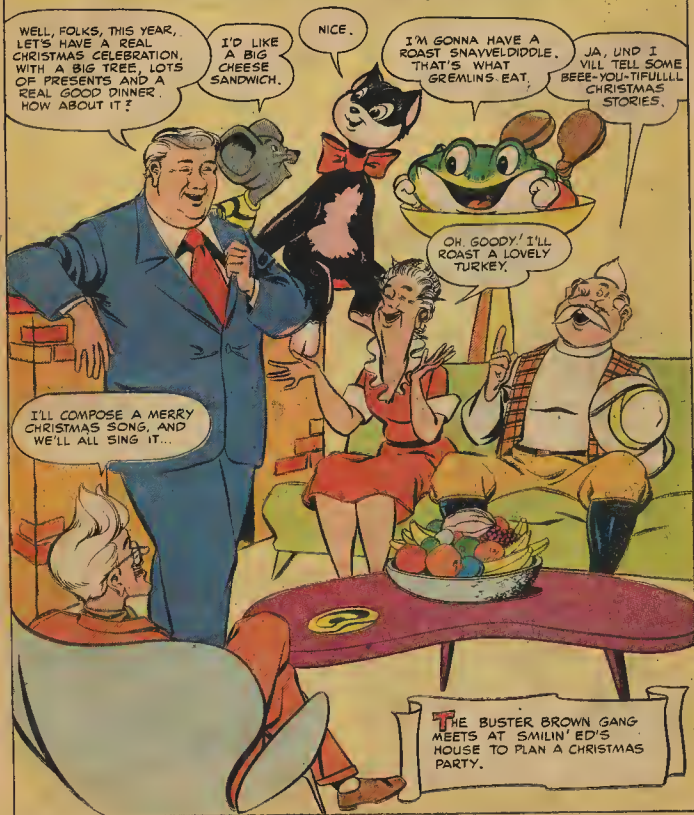
THIS IS INDEED A GREAT REWARD, GUNGA. HOW LUCKY WE ARE TO SERVE SUCH A KIND AND GENEROUS MASTER!

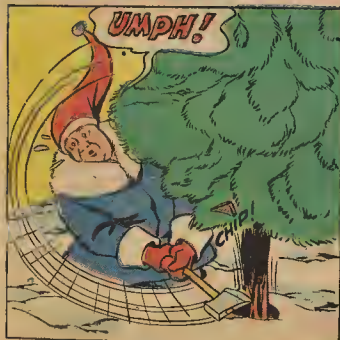
I AM BOTH FORTUNATE AND LUCKY, VISHNU. FORTUNATE THAT HIS EXCELLENCY TAUGHT ME TO SHOOT, AND LUCKY THAT MY SHOT TURNED A FEARFUL TIGER INTO A BEAUTIFUL RUG.

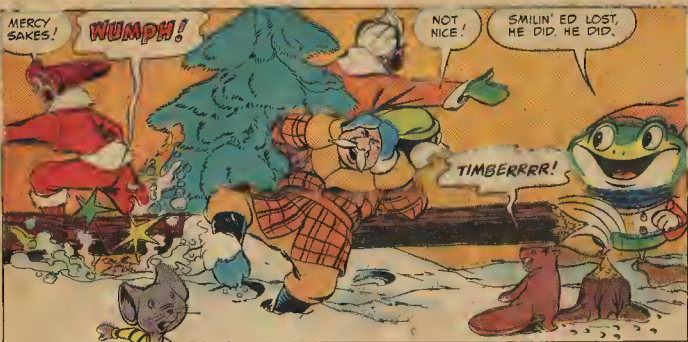


Smilin' Ed ^{AND HIS} Gang

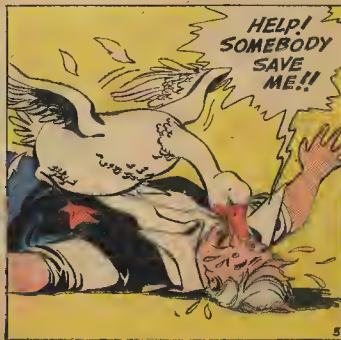
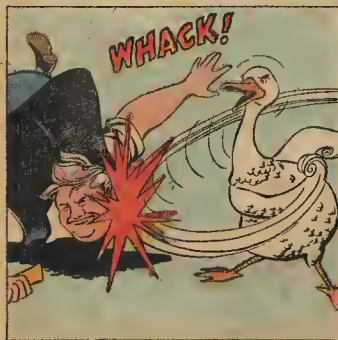
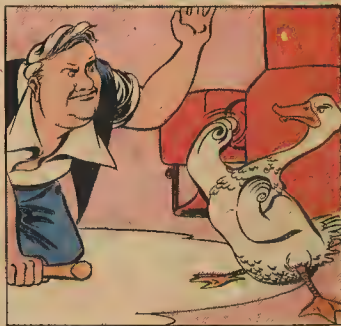
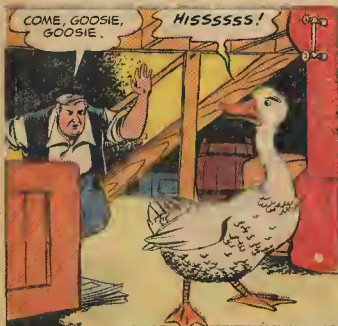
CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS

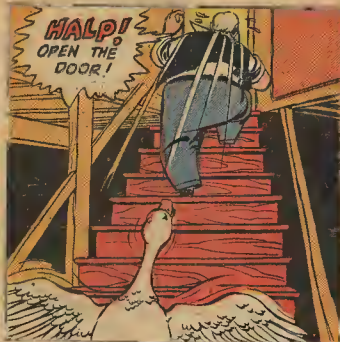


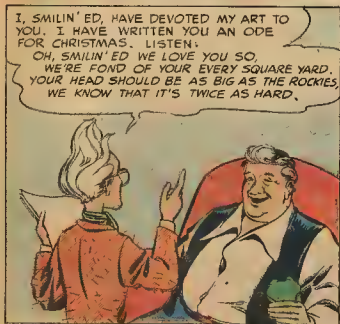
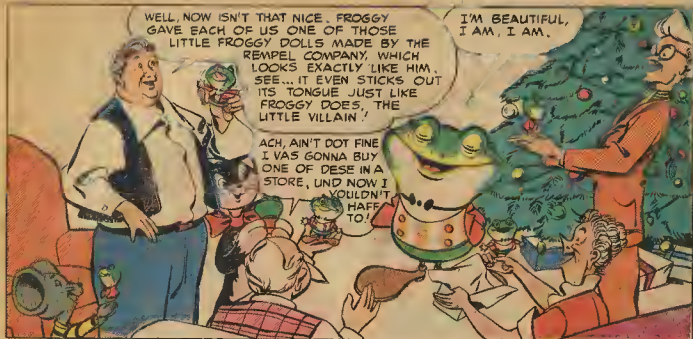


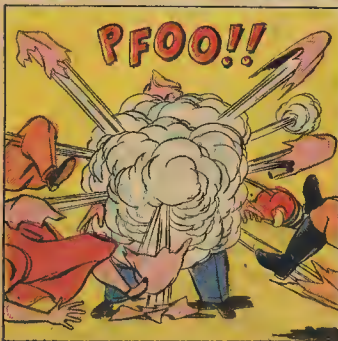
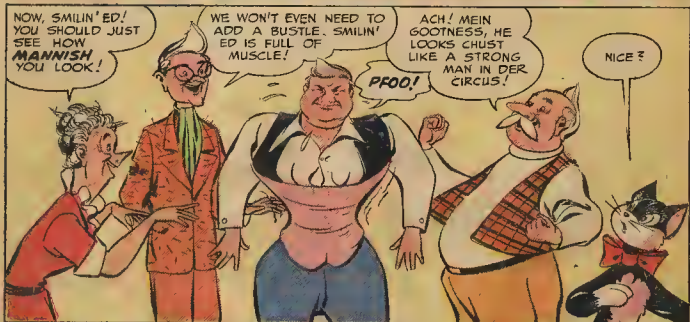














SPACE TRAP



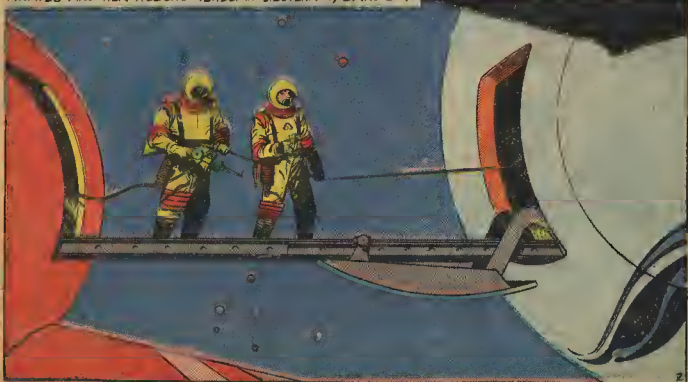
THE STAR QUEEN, A GIANT SPACE LINER OF THE FUTURE IS MAKING A ROUTINE FLIGHT FROM EARTH TO VENUS WHEN IT IS SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY A MYSTERIOUS SKY RAIDER.

COME TO A STOP, STAR QUEEN —
WE'RE COMING ABOARD! FAIL TO
OBEY AND WE'LL BLAST YOU
OUT OF SPACE!

OUR ROCKET TUBES
ARE TOO BADLY
DAMAGED TO ESCAPE.
WE ARE FORCED TO
OBEY. STOP THE
SPACE DRIVE.

YES, SIR, THESE
PIRATES ARE
ARMED WITH
THE X-
DISINTEGRATOR
RAY--AND THEY
MEAN BUSINESS!

THE SPACE RAIDER HOLDS THE STAR QUEEN MOTIONLESS WITH
A DE-ENERGY SCREEN OF TREMENDOUS POWER, AND WHEN
THE GANGPLANK IS SECURED, TWO SPACE-SUITED FIGURES
MAKE THE PERILOUS CROSSING. IT IS THE **SPACE SIREN**,
MOST CLEVER AND DANGEROUS OF ALL INTERPLANETARY
PIRATES AND HER HULKING VENUSIAN LIEUTENANT, **BANDOR!**



MEANWHILE... BRUCE AND TERRY WARREN ANSWER AN URGENT CALL FROM THE INTERSTELLAR COMMERCE CO.

I AM CAPTAIN WARREN AND THIS IS MY BROTHER, TERRY. HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS.

OH, YES. FROM THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE. MR. CALVIN IS EXPECTING YOU. GO RIGHT IN, CAPTAIN.



SIT DOWN, GENTLEMEN. I HAVE BEEN MOST ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU. YOUR HEADQUARTERS RECOMMENDS YOU BOTH VERY HIGHLY.



... AND SO YOU SEE, CAPTAIN WARREN, AFTER HAVING THREE OF OUR SPACE SHIPS BOARDED BY THE SPACE SIREN IN A MONTH, WE ARE TREMENDOUSLY CONCERNED.

BUT YOU SAY THE SPACE SIREN NEVER DISTURBS YOUR PASSENGERS OR STEALS ANY OF YOUR FREIGHT. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY SHE BOARDS YOUR SHIPS.



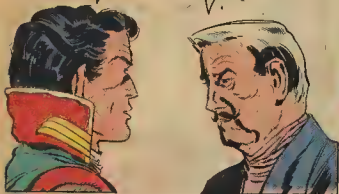
SHE IS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING IT HAS BEEN CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET, BUT OUR COMPANY HAS PERFECTED A NEW TYPE OF ATOMIC FUEL CALLED ATOVAR. A FIVE GALLON CONTAINER WILL DRIVE A SPACE SHIP AS FAR AS A TON OF URANIUM WILL.

WOW!



THEN THE SPACE
SIREN HAS LEARNED
OF YOUR DISCOVERY
AND HOPES TO
CAPTURE SOME
OF THIS
REVOLUTIONARY
FUEL?

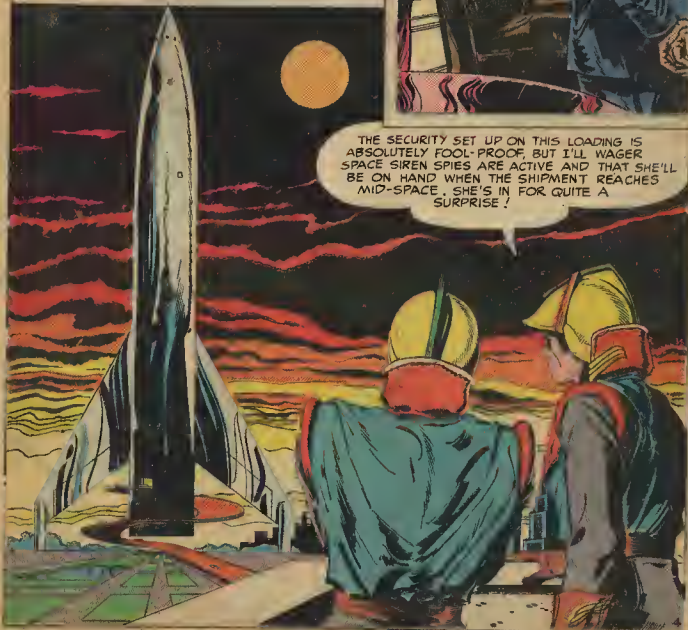
EXACTLY— WE WERE
PLANNING TO SEND
TEN CONTAINERS OF
ATOVAR TO VENUS
FOR FURTHER TESTS.
SOMEHOW OUR IDEA
MUST HAVE BECOME
KNOWN TO HER.



I HAVE A PLAN BY WHICH WE MAY TRAP THE
SPACE SIREN. WHEN THE STAR QUEEN MAKES
HER NEXT TRIP TO VENUS, THE TEN
CONTAINERS WILL BE ON BOARD-- BUT
NOT FILLED WITH ATOVAR.



LATER FROM A HIGH BALCONY OVERLOOKING EARTH-
PORT, BRUCE AND TERRY WARREN WATCH THEIR PLAN
BEING CARRIED OUT. THE GREAT STAR QUEEN IS BEING
READYED FOR THE EARTH TO VENUS RUN.



THE SECURITY SET UP ON THIS LOADING IS
ABSOLUTELY FOOL-PROOF, BUT I'LL WAGER
SPACE SIREN SPIES ARE ACTIVE AND THAT SHE'LL
BE ON HAND WHEN THE SHIPMENT REACHES
MID-SPACE. SHE'S IN FOR QUITE A
SURPRISE!

THREE DAYS LATER, THE SPACE SIREN'S ROCKET SHIP, "NEMESIS," HURTLES THROUGH A DISTANT GALAXY.

BUT HOW DO YOU
KNOW STAR
QUEEN CARRY
MAGIC FUEL
ON THIS TRIP?

MY SPY ON EARTH REPORTED
SEEING IT LOADED. WE
SHOULD OVERTAKE THE
STAR QUEEN VERY SOON
NOW, BANDOR.



NOT FAR BEHIND THE STAR QUEEN, THE POLICE SHIP, "COMET," KNIFES ITS WAY ACROSS OUTER SPACE.

SHOULDN'T WE BE CLOSER
BEHIND THE STAR QUEEN
SO WE CAN CATCH THE
SIREN WHEN SHE
ATTACKS?

NO, WE CAN'T RISK HER SEEING
US. CAPTAIN THOMAS WILL RADIO
ME WHEN SHE CONTACTS HIM.
WE'VE ESTABLISHED A SECRET
RADIO MICRO-WAVE LENGTH
FOR THAT PURPOSE.



CAPTAIN WARREN!
SPACE SIREN HAS
COMMANDED US
TO STOP-- SHE'S
CLOSING IN!

GOOD! DO AS SHE
COMMANDS. WE'LL
WATCH IN OUR
VISIPLATE AND
FOLLOW HER WHEN
SHE LEAVES.



WE'LL FIX HER COURSE AS SOON AS
SHE STARTS FOR HOME AND THEN
WE'LL TAIL HER--AT FULL SPEED!



CUTTING IN THE POWERFUL AND DANGEROUS ULTRA-DRIVE, FORBIDDEN TO ALL SPACE CRAFT SAVE THE INTER-PLANETARY POLICE, THE SPACE SIREN SOON REACHES HER SECRET BASE ON THE FIFTH MOON OF JUPITER.

ALERT THE GUARDS IMMEDIATELY, BANDOR -- WE MAY HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED BY THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE. AND GET THE TEN LEAD CONTAINERS OUT OF THE "NEMESIS" AND INTO MY LABORATORY AT ONCE!

AT ONCE, SIREN.

IN HER VAST UNDERGROUND LABORATORY, BLASTED OUT OF THE SOLID ROCK OF THE MOUNTAIN INSIDE, TANYA PREPARES TO EXAMINE HER PLUNDER. INSIDE A HUGE IMPERVO-GLOSS HEMISPHERE, SENSITIVE MECHANICAL ARMS LEFT A CONTAINER...

I UNDERSTAND THIS ATOMAR IS HIGHLY RADIO-ACTIVE, SO EVERY PRECAUTION MUST BE TAKEN IN ITS HANDLING. HEAD SCIENTIST KURN WILL EXAMINE IT.

HIDE ON THE SIDE OF THE HILL ABOVE US. IF MEMBERS OF THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE SHOW THEMSELVES-- SHOOT TO KILL!

... SLOWLY THE CONTAINER IS OPENED. CLAD IN HEAVY PROTECTIVE ARMOR, TANYA'S TOP ASTRO-PHYSICIST PEERS IN AT THE MAGIC FUEL.

NOW, SCIENTIST LEARN SECRET OF NEW FUEL OF THE EARTH PEOPLE.

THE SCIENTIST PLUNGES HIS HANDS INTO THE STOLEN CONTAINER--AND RACES OUT OF THE IMPERVO-GLASS DOME.

YOUR HIGHNESS! THE CONTAINER-- IT'S FILLED WITH PLAIN ORDINARY MOLASSES!

I HAVE BEEN TRICKED, BANDOR! EVEN NOW THESE CLEVER EARTH PEOPLE ARE PROBABLY SHIPPING THE ATOVAR IN ANOTHER SPACE LINER WHILE WE STAND HERE STUPIDLY GAZING AT MOLASSES!



BY MEANS OF VISIPLATE TRACKING, BRUCE AND TERRY FOLLOW THE "NEMESIS" TO TANYA'S HIDDEN MOON BASE. SLOWLY, UNDER LOW BLAST, THE POLICE CRAFT, "COMET," SETTLES ON THE CRATER-MARKED PLAIN IN A PERFECT LANDING...



CAPTAIN BRUCE AND HIS BROTHER TERRY QUICKLY DON SPACE SUITS POWERED BY SHOULDER ROCKETS, AND SOON THEY ARE SKIMMING OVER THE MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY SEEKING TANYA'S HIDEOUT.

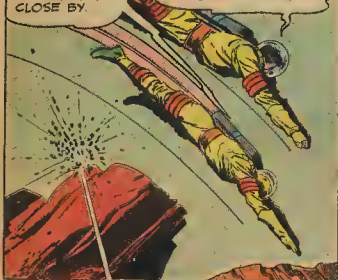
THE SPACE SIREN'S SHIP MUST HAVE LANDED CLOSE BY. WE FOLLOWED HER COURSE ACCURATELY ON THE VISIPLATE.

DUCK, BRUCE! DUCK! ON THE SIDE OF THAT MOUNTAIN-- SOME GUY IS AIMING AN ATOM RIFLE AT US!



THAT MUST BE THE SPACE SIREN'S LOOKOUT. HER SHIP IS PROBABLY CLOSE BY.

WOW! IF THAT LAD WAS A LITTLE BETTER SHOT WE WOULD HAVE GONE DOWN LIKE SITTING DUCKS!



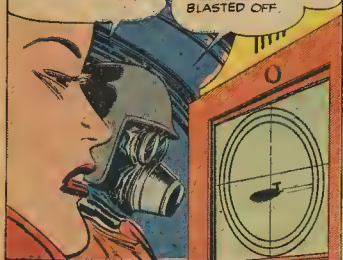
CUTTING THROUGH A NARROW MOUNTAIN PASS, THE WARREN BROTHERS COME TO A GREAT PLAIN FROM ITS CENTER THE SPACE RAIDER, "NEMESIS," SLOWLY RISES.

WE'D BETTER HUSTLE BACK TO THE "COMET" AND GET GOING. TANYA HAS PROBABLY DISCOVERED OUR TRICK AND IS GOING UP TO INTERCEPT THE REAL ATOVAR SHIPMENT!

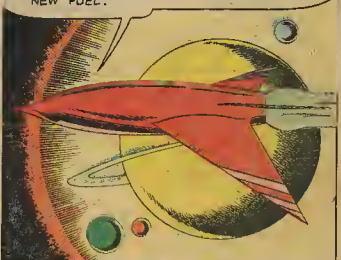


THERE'S OUR PRIZE BANDOR! THE ATOVAR IS SURE TO BE ON THAT SHIP. THIS TIME THE SPACE SIREN WILL NOT BE TRICKED!

THE LOOKOUT GUARD FIRED AT TWO SPACE POLICEMEN JUST BEFORE WE BLASTED OFF.



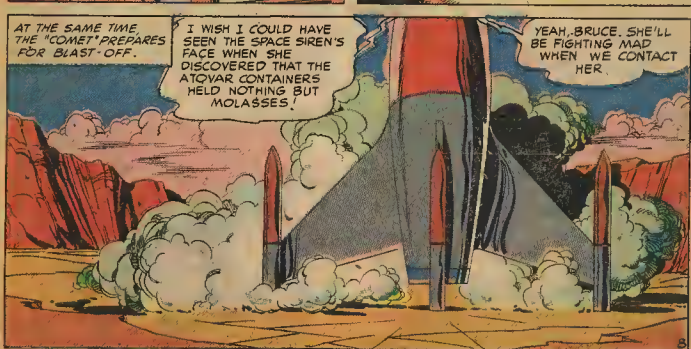
I HOPE MY OLD ENEMIES, THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE, APPEAR! IT WOULD BE A PLEASURE TO BLAST DOWN ONE OF THEIR CRAFT ON THE SAME DAY I CAPTURE THE EARTHLING'S NEW FUEL.



AT THE SAME TIME, THE "COMET" PREPARES FOR BLAST-OFF.

I WISH I COULD HAVE SEEN THE SPACE SIREN'S FACE WHEN SHE DISCOVERED THAT THE ATOVAR CONTAINERS HELD NOTHING BUT MOLASSES!

YEAH, BRUCE. SHE'LL BE FIGHTING MAD WHEN WE CONTACT HER.



THERE'S THE SHIP THAT'S CARRYING THE ATOVAR, TERRY. CUT IN THE ULTRA DRIVE--WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE BEFORE TANYA ATTACKS. THAT CLASS OF AIR LINER IS UNARMED.

AYE, AYE, SIR, WE'RE GOING FIFTY THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR NOW, BUT WITH THE ULTRA-DRIVE WE'LL MOVE AT THREE TIMES THAT SPEED.



AS THE "COMET" KNIFES THROUGH SPACE AT A BLURRING PACE, A CALL FOR HELP COMES FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE STARLIT VOID AHEAD.

CAPTAIN WARREN, CALLING CAPTAIN WARREN. SPACE SIREN IS CLOSING IN ON US! HURRY!

STALL AS MUCH AS YOU CAN. WE'LL BE THERE BEFORE SHE BOARDS YOU!

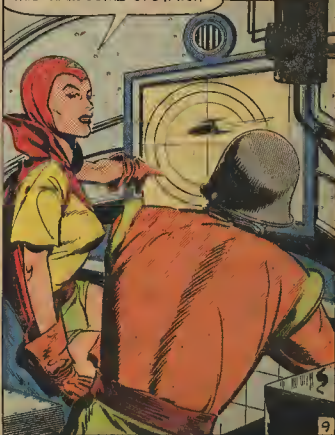


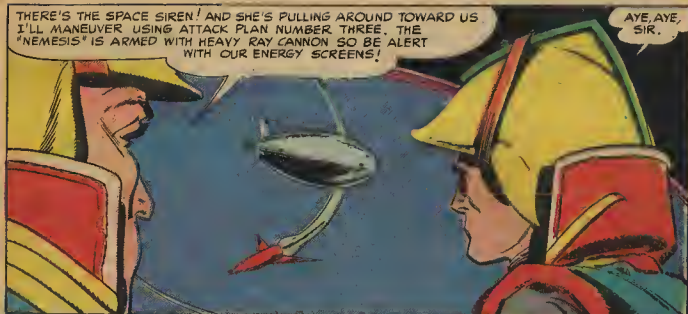
THE SPACE SHIP IS COMING TO A STOP, BANDOR, IN A FEW MINUTES THE NEW MAGIC FUEL WILL BE OURS!

TURN ON VISIPLATE POLICE MIGHT COME



THAT'S THE "COMET," AND CAPTAIN WARREN IS THE CLEVEREST OF ALL THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE. PREPARE TO MAN OUR RAY GUNS. I HAVE SEVERAL SCORES TO SETTLE WITH THIS HANDSOME UPSTART.

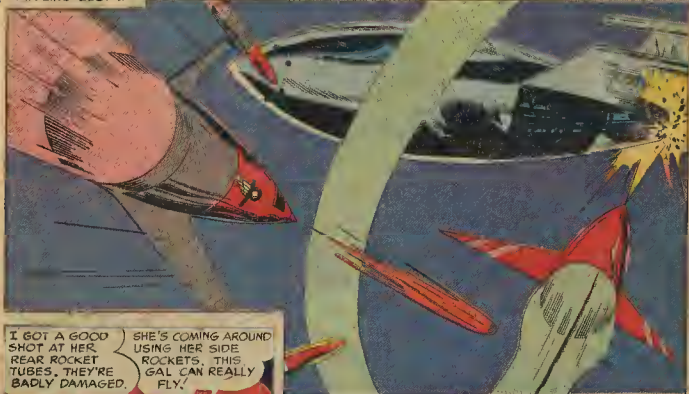




DRIVEN BY THE FULL POWER OF THE AWESOME ULTRA DRIVE, THE "NEMESIS" AND THE "COMET" WHIRL THROUGH SPACE IN AN EVER-TIGHTENING CIRCLE. TO FALTER FOR AN INSTANT MEANS A SEARING FLASH-- AND OBLIVION!



SUDDENLY THE "NEMESIS" DARTS AWAY FROM THE POLICE CRAFT AND THE SPACE SIREN AIMS A DISINTEGRATING BLAST INTO THE STAR QUEEN'S AFT ROCKET TUBES. THE GREAT LINER LIES MOTIONLESS, FROM THE CRIPPLING BLOW..

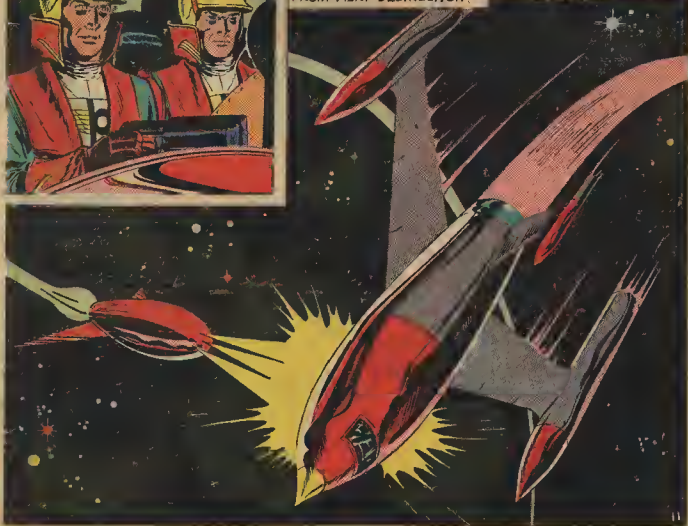


I GOT A GOOD SHOT AT HER REAR ROCKET TUBES. THEY'RE BADLY DAMAGED.

SHE'S COMING AROUND USING HER SIDE ROCKETS. THIS GAL CAN REALLY FLY!



WHIRLING THROUGH SPACE IN A DAREDEVIL LOOP, TANYA FIRES A DEADLY BROADSIDE INTO THE POLICE SHIP. ONLY THE FULL POWER OF THE DE-ENERGY SCREEN SAVES THE "COMET" FROM FIERY DESTRUCTION!



SHE'S PUT ONE OF OUR
SIDE ROCKETS OUT OF
COMMISSION. BRUCE
WE'RE ONLY MOVING
AT HALF SPEED.

I KNOW, TERRY, BUT TANYA'S
RUNNING AWAY! SHE HASN'T
ENOUGH POWER LEFT TO
MANEUVER AND USE HER
DISINTEGRATOR RAYS AT THE
SAME TIME!

CALLING THE "COMET," YOU'RE A GOOD
PILOT, CAPTAIN WARREN. BOTH OF OUR
SHIPS ARE CRIPPLED SO WE'LL CALL
THIS FIGHT A DRAW. NEXT TIME WE
MEET-- I'LL CERTAINLY BRING YOU
DOWN! GOOD HUNTING.

TOO BAD YOU'RE AN AIR BANDIT,
SPACE SIREN, I HATE FIGHTING AN
ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, I HOPE YOU
AND BANDOR ENJOY THE MOLASSES
WITH YOUR HOT CAKES!

USING HER REMAINING POWER IN ONE LAST ULTRA-DRIVE SURGE,
THE SPACE SIREN FLEES FAR ACROSS THE TERRIBLE VOID THAT
IS DEEP SPACE. ON PAST A HUGE UNCHARTED NEBULA, TANYA
RACES TO THE DARK STAR THAT IS HER HOME.

LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE INTERSTELLAR COMMERCE CO., CAPTAIN BRUCE WARREN MAKES HIS FINAL REPORT TO ITS PRESIDENT.

...AND SO, MR CALVIN. WE WEREN'T ABLE TO CAPTURE THE SPACE SIREN, BUT THE ATOMAR GOT THROUGH TO VENUS.

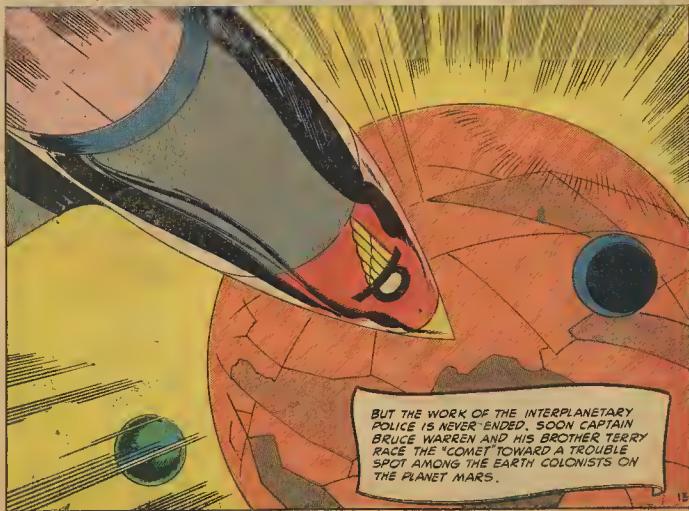
EXCELLENT WORK, CAPTAIN WARREN. YOUR PLAN WAS SUCCESSFUL AND EXPERTLY CARRIED OUT. YOU MEN OF THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED.



AND THUS ANOTHER BRILLIANT CHAPTER IS ADDED TO THE SAGA OF THE MEN WHO FIGHT AMONG THE STARS FOR PEACE AND JUSTICE... THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE.

I WONDER IF WE EVER WILL PUT AN END TO THE SPACE SIREN'S CAREER?

WHO KNOWS? THE SAD THING IS THAT ONE SO CLEVER AND BEAUTIFUL AS TANYA HAS TO LIVE AS A CRIMINAL. THINK OF WHAT SHE COULD ACCOMPLISH IF SHE WERE WORKING FOR PEACE IN THE UNIVERSE.



BUT THE WORK OF THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE IS NEVER ENDED. SOON CAPTAIN BRUCE WARREN AND HIS BROTHER TERRY RACE THE "COMET" TOWARD A TROUBLE SPOT AMONG THE EARTH COLONISTS ON THE PLANET MARS.

"Trust your
Buster Brown
Shoeman for
EXPERT FIT"



Dear buddies and mothers and dads:

The Buster Brown folks really know how to make shoes that are *shaped* to fit growing feet properly. Buster Brown Shoes are made on "Live-Foot" Lasts, so called, because they actually are shaped like the lively feet of children. That's the first part of the Buster Brown fit story. The second part is that the shoemen at your Buster Brown store are experts in fitting boys and girls in just the right size and width for the greatest comfort and freedom. Take it from me, they'd rather lose a sale than sell a pair of shoes that weren't exactly right.

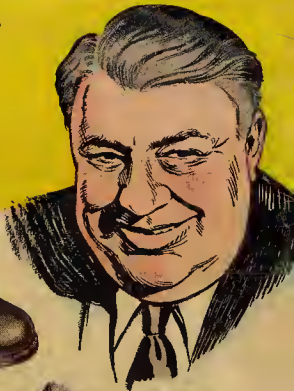
Sincerely,

Smilin' Ed



KIDS! *Remind Mom to get your new Christmas shoes now . . . during the wonderful*

**BROWN SHOE COMPANY
75th ANNIVERSARY
DIAMOND JUBILEE**



BUSTER BROWN
Jingle Bells Jubilee!

"Always look
for me and
my dog Tige
in the shoes
you buy!"

